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POETRY.

From Blackwood for April.

“Too Late.”

Too late! the curse of life! Could we but read
In many a heart, the thoughts that only bleed,
How oft were bound

Engraven deep, those words of saddest sound
(Curse of our mortal state!)
Too late!—too late!

Tears are there, acrid drops, that do not rise
Quick gushing to the eyes;
Kindly relieving, as they gently flow,
The mitigation woe;
But nozing inward, silent, dark and chill
Like some cavernous rill
That falls congealing; turning into stone
The thing it falls upon.

But now and then, may be, the pent up pain
Breaks out resistless, in some passionate strain
Of simulated grief;
Finding relief
In that fond idle way
For thoughts on life that prey.

“How truthfully conceived!” with glist’ning eyes
Some list’ner cries—
“Fine art to feign so well!”

Ah! none can tell

So truthfully the deep things of the heart
Who have not felt the smart.

Too late!—the curse of life!—take back the cup
So mockingly held up

To lips that may not drain;

Was it no pain,

That lone heart-thirst,

The life-giving draught is offer’d first

Of that extremest酷。

Who leaves, shall not no more?

Take back the cup. Yet no!—who dares to say
‘Tis mockingly presented? Let it stay—

If here too late,

There is a better state;

A cup that this may typify, prepared
For those who’ve little of life’s sweetness shared,

None flow’ret found

On earthly ground:

Yet patiently hold on, abiding ne’er

The call of him they seek—

“Come, thou that weepest, but hast stood the test—

Come to thy rest.”

INTROSTALIANE.

The Dead Boxer.

AN IRISH LEGEND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
“TAINTS AND ETIQUETTES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.”

CONTINUED.

The reply which was given to this could not be heard.

“Well,” rejoined Nell, “I know that. Her comin’ here may not be for my good; but—well take this shawl, an’ let the work be quick. The carman must be sent back wid sore bones to keep him quiet?”

The car immediately reached the spot where they sat, and as it passed, the two men rushed from the gate, stopped the horse, and struck the carman to the earth. One of them seized him while down, and pressed his throat, so as to prevent him from shouting. A single faint shriek escaped the female, who was instantly dragged off the car and dragged by the other fellow and Nance McCollum.

Lamb Laudher saw there was not a moment to be lost. With the speed of lightning he sprang forward, and by a single blow, laid him who struggled with the carman prostrate. To pass then to the aid of the fellow was only the work of an instant. With equal success he struck down the villain with whom she was struggling. Such was the rapidity of his motions, that he had not yet had time even to speak; nor indeed did he wish at all to be recognized in the transaction.

The carman, finding himself freed from his opponent, bounded to his legs, and came to the assistance of his charge, whilst Lamb Laudher, who had just flung Nance McCollum into the ditch, returned in time to defend both from a second attack. The contest, however, was a short one. The two ruffians, finding that there was no chance of succeeding, fled across the fields; and our humble hero, on looking for Nance and her aunt, discovered that they also had disappeared. It is unnecessary to detail the strong terms in which the strangers expressed their gratitude to Lamb Laudher.

“God’s grace be upon you, whoever you are, young man!” exclaimed the carman, “for wid his help an’ your own good arm, it’s my downright opinion that you saved us from bein’ both robbed an’ murdered!”

“I’m of that opinion myself,” replied Lamb Laudher.

“There is goodness, young man, in the tones of your voice,” observed the female; “we may at least ask the name of the person who has saved our lives?”

“I would rather not have my name mentioned in the business,” he replied, “a woman, or a devil I think, that I don’t wish to cross or provoke, has had a hand in it. I hope you havn’t been robbed!” he added.

She assured him, with expressions of deep gratitude, that she had not

“Well,” said he, “as you have neither of you come to harm, I would take it as the greatest favor you could do me, if you’d never mention a word about it to any one.”

To this request they agreed with some hesitation. Lamb Laudher accompanied them into town, and saw them safely lodged in a decent second rate inn, kept by a man named Luke Connor, after which he returned to his father’s house, and without undressing, fell into a disturbed sleep until morning.

It is not to be supposed that the circumstances attending the quarrel between him and Meehaul Neil, on the preceding night, would pass off without a more than ordinary share of public notice. Their relative positions were too well known not to excite an interest corresponding with the characters they had borne, as the leaders of two bitter and powerful factions; but when it became certain that Meehaul Neil had struck Lamb Laudher Oge, and that the latter refused to fight him, it is impossible to describe the sensation which immediately spread through the town and parish. The intelligence was first received by O’Rorke’s party with incredulity and scorn. It was impossible that he of the Strong Hand, who had been proverbial for courage, could at once turn coward, and bear a blow from a Neil! But when it was proved beyond a possibility of a doubt or misconception, that he received a blow tamely before many witnesses, under circumstances of the most degrading insult, the rage of his party became incredible. Before ten o’clock the next morning his father’s house was crowded with friends and relations, anxious to hear the truth from his own lips, and all, after having heard it, eager to point out to him the only method that remained of wiping away his disgrace—namely, to challenge Meehaul Neil. His father’s indignation knew no bounds; but the mother, on discovering the truth, was crushed before, but you’re likely to break it out to form an apology for the failings and errors of an only child.

“Go,” said the old man, “go, labours, take him with you. If he’s guilty of this, I’ll never more look upon his face. John, my heart was crushed before, but you’re likely to break it out to form an apology for the failings and errors of an only child.

“You may all talk,” she said, “but if Lamb Laudher Oge didn’t strike him, he had good reason for it. How do you know, an’ bad cess to your tongues, all through other, how Ellen Neil would like him after wettin’ her brother? Don’t you think but she has the spirit of her faction in her as well as another?”

This, however, was not listened to. The father would not hear of an apology, for his son’s cowardice, but an instant challenge. Either that or to be driven from his father’s roof were the only alternatives left him.

“Come out here,” said the old man, for the son had not yet left his humble bed room, “an’ in presence of them that you have brought to shame and disgrace, take the only plan that’s left to you, an’ send him a challenge.”

“Father,” said the young man, “I have too much of your own blood in me to be afraid of any man—but for all that, I neither will nor can fight Meehaul Neil.”

“Very well,” said the father bitterly, “that’s enough. Dher Mam, Oonagh, you’re a guilty woman; that boy’s no son of mine. If he had my blood in him, he couldn’t act as he did—Here, you d’nmable thifftopher, the door’s open for you, go out of it, and let me never see the branded face of you while you live.”

The groans of the son were audible from his bed-room.

“I will go, father,” he replied, “an’ I hope he d’ly will come when you’ll let change your opinion of me. I can’t however, stir out till I send a messenger a mile or so out of town.”

The old man, in the mean time, wept as if his son had been dead; his tears, however, were not those of sorrow, but of shame and indignation.

“How can I help it?” he exclaimed, “when I think of the way that the Neils will cl’p their wings and crow over us! If it was from my other family he tuck it so manly, I wouldn’t care so much; but from them! Oh, Churnah! it’s too bad! Turn out, you villain!”

A charge of deeper disgrace, however, awaited the unhappy young man. The last harsh words of the father had scarcely been uttered, when three constables came in, and inquired if his son were at home.

“He is at home,” said the father, with tears in his eyes, “and I never thought he would bring the blush to my face that he did by his conduct last night.”

“I’m sorry,” said the principal of them, “for what has happened, both on your account and his. Do you know this lad?”

“I do know it,” replied the old man, “it belongs to John. Come out here,” said he, “here’s Tom Breen wid you hat.”

The son left his room, and it was evident from his appearance that he had not undressed at all, during the night. The constables immediately observed these circumstances, which they did not fail to interpret to his disadvantage.

“Here is your hat,” said the man who bore it, “one would think you were travellin’ all night by your looks.”

The son thanked him for his civility, got clean stockings, and after arranging his dress, said to his father:

“I’m now ready to go, father, an’ as I can’t do what you want me to do, there’s nothin’ for me but to leave the country for a while.”

“He acknowledged it himself,” said the father, turning to Breen, “an’ in that case, how could I let the son that shamed me live under my roof?”

“He’s the last young man in the county I stand in,” said Breen, “that any one who ever knew him would suspect to be guilty of robbery. Upon my soul, Lamb Laudher More, I’m both grieved and distressed at it. We’re come to arrest him,” he added, “for the robbery he committed last night.”

“Robbery!” they exclaimed with one voice.

“Ay,” said the man, robbery, no less—an’ what is more, I’m afraid there’s little doubt of his guilt. Why did he have his hat at a place where the attempt was first made? He must come with us.”

The mother shrieked aloud, and clapped her hands like a distracted woman; the father’s brow became pale with apprehension.

“Oh! no, no,” he exclaimed; “John never did that. Some qualm may come over him in the other business, but—no, no—your father knows you’re innocent of robbery.”

“I have positively lost so much,” replied the woman, “together with the certificate of my marriage.”

“And how did you first become acquainted with Nell McCullum?” he inquired.

The stranger was silent, and blushed deeply at this question; but Nell, with more presence of mind went over to the magistrate, and whispered something which caused him to start.

“I have positively lost so much,” replied the woman, “together with the certificate of my marriage.”

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Land Distribution.

night. A law, it is said, then existed, that when a pugilist arrived in any town, he might claim the right to receive the sum of fifty guineas, provided no man in the town could be found to accept the challenge within a given period. A champion, if tradition be true, had the privilege of fixing only the place, not the mode and regulations of battle. Accordingly the scene of contest uniformly selected by the Dead Boxer was the church-yard of the town, beside a new made grave, dug at his expense. The epithet of the Dead Boxer had given to him, in consequence of a certain fatal stroke by which he had been able to kill every antagonist who dared to meet him; precisely on the same principle that we call a fatal marksman a *dead shot*; and the church-yard was selected, and the grave prepared, in order to denote the fatality incurred by those who entered into a contest with him. He was famous, too, at athletic sports, but he was never known to communicate the secret of the fatal blow; he also taught the sword exercise, at which he was considered to be a proficient.

On the morning after his arrival, the town in which we have laid the scene of this legend felt the usual impulse of an intense curiosity to see a celebrated a character. The Dead Boxer, however, appeared to be exceedingly anxious to gratify this natural propensity. He walked out from the Inn, where he had stopped, attended, by his servant, merely, it would appear, to satisfy them to the very slight chance which the stoutest of them had in standing before a man whose blow was fatal, and whose frame so prodigiously herculean.

Twelve o'clock was the hour at which he deemed proper to make his appearance, and as it happened also to be the market day of the town, the crowd which followed him was unprecedented. The old and young, the hale and feeble of both sexes, all rushed out to see with feelings of fear and wonder, the terrible and famous Dead Boxer. The report of his arrival had already spread far and wide into the county, and persons belonging to every class and rank of life might be seen hastening on horseback, and more at full speed on foot, that they might, if possible, catch an early glimpse of him. The most sportive characters among the nobility and gentry of the county, fighting peers, fire-eaters, snuff-candle-squires, members of the hell-fire and jockey-clubs, gaugers, gentlemen-farmers, bluff yeomen, labourers, cudgel-players, parish pugilists, men of renown within a district of ten square miles, all jostled each other in hurrying to see, and if possible to have speech of, the Dead Boxer. Not a word was spoken that day except with reference to him, nor a conversation introduced the topic of which was not the Dead Boxer. In the town every window was filled with persons straining to get a view of him; so were the tops of the houses, the dead walls, and all the call-gates, and available eminences within sight of the way along which he went. Having thus perambulated the town, he returned to the market-cross, which, as we have said, stood immediately in front of his Inn. Here, attended by music, he personally published his challenge in a deep and sonorous voice, calling upon the corporation in right of his championship, to produce a man in ten clear days ready to undertake battle with him as a pugilist, or otherwise to pay him the sum of fifty guineas out of their property exchequer.

Having thus thrown down his gauntlet, the musicians played a dead march, and there was certainly something wild and fearful in the association produced by these strains of death and the fatality of encountering him. This challenge he repeated at the same place and hour during three successive days, after which he calmly awaited the result.

In the meantime, certain circumstances came to light, which not only developed many cruel and profligate traits in his dispositions, but also enabled the worthy inhabitants of the town to ascertain several facts relating to his connexions, which in small degree astonished them. The candid and modest female whose murder and robbery had been planned by Nell McCollum, resided with him as his wife: at least if he did not acknowledge her as such, no person who had an opportunity of witnessing her mild and gentle deportment, even for a moment, conceived her capable of living with him in any other character. His conduct to her, however, was brutal in the extreme, nor was his open and unmanly cruelty lessened by the misfortune of her having lost the money which he had for years accumulated.—With Nell McCollum he was also acquainted, for he had given orders that she should be admitted to him whenever she deemed it necessary. Nell, though now at large, found her motions watched with a vigilance which no ingenuity on her part could baffle. She knew this, and was resolved by caution to overreach those who dogged her so closely. Her intimacy with the Dead Boxer threw a shade of still deeper mystery around her own character and his. Both were supposed to be capable of entering into evil communion with supernatural beings, and both, of course, were looked upon with fear and hatred, modified, to be sure, by the peculiarity of their respective situations.

Let not our readers, however, suppose that young Lamb Laudher's disgrace was altogether lost in the wide-spread fame of the Dead Boxer. His high reputation for generosity and manly feeling had given him too strong a hold upon the hearts of all who knew him, to be at once discarded by them, from public conversation, as an indifferent person. His conduct filled them with wonder, it is true; but, although the general tone of feeling respecting the robbery was decidedly in his favor, yet there still existed among the public, particularly in the faction that was hostile to him, enough of doubt, openly expressed, to render it a duty to avoid him; particularly when this formidable suspicion was joined to the notorious fact of his cowardice in the encounter with Meehan Nell. Both subjects were, therefore, discussed with, probably, an equal interest; but it is quite certain that the rumor of Lamb Laudher's cowardice would alone have occasioned him, under the peculiar circumstances which drew it forth, to be avoided and branded with contumely. There was, in fact, then in existence among the rival factions of Ireland, much of the military sense of honor which characterized the British army at this day; nor is this spirit

even yet wholly exploded from our humble countrymen. Poor Lamb Laudher was, therefore, an exile from his father's house, repulsed and avoided by all who had formerly been intimate with him.

There was another individual, however, who deeply sympathized in all he felt, because she knew that for her sake it had been incurred; we allude to Ellen Neil. Since the night of their last interview, she too had been scrupulously watched by her relations. But what vigilance can surpass the ingenuity of love? Although her former treacherous confidant had absconded, yet the incident of the Dead Boxer's arrival had been the means of supplying her with a friend, into whose bosom she felt that she could pour out all the anxieties of her heart. This was no other than the Dead Boxer's wife; and there was this peculiarity in the interest which she took in Ellen's distresses, that it was only a return of sympathy which Ellen felt in the unhappy woman's suffering. The conduct of her husband was indefensible; for while he treated her with shameful barbarity, it was evident that his bad passions and his judgment were at variance, with respect to the estimate which he formed of her character. In her honesty he placed every confidence, and permitted her to manage his money and regulate his expenses; but this was merely because her frugality and economic habits gratified his parsimony, and fostered one of his strongest passions, which was avarice. There was something about this amiable creature that won powerfully upon the affections of Ellen Neil; and in entrusting her with the secret of her love, she felt assured that she had not misplaced it. Their private conversations, therefore, were frequent, and their communications unreserved on both sides, so far as woman can bestow confidence and friendship on the subject of her affections on her duty.—This intimacy did not long escape the prying eyes of Nell McCollum, who soon took means to avail herself of it for the purposes which will shortly become evident.

It was about the sixth evening after the day on which the Dead Boxer had published his challenge, that, having noticed Nell from the window as she passed the Inn, he despatched waiter with a message that she should be sent up to him. Previous to this the hag had been several times with his wife, on whom she laid serious injunctions never to disclose to her husband the relationship between them. The woman had never done so, for, in fact, the acknowledgment of Nell, as her mother, would have been to any female whose feelings had not been made callous by the world, a painful and distressing task.—Nell was the more anxious on this point, as she feared that such a disclosure would have frustrated her own designs.

"Well, granny," said he, when Nell entered, "any word of the money?"

Nell cautiously shut the door, and stood immediately fronting him, her hand at some distance from her side, supported by her staff, and her gray glittering eyes fixed upon him with that malicious look which she could never banish from her countenance.

"The money will come," she replied, "in good time. I've a charm near ready that'll get a clue to it. I'm watchin' him—an' I'm watchin' his wife—an' Ellen's watchin'. He has hardly a house to put his head in; but nobackish! I'll bring you an' him together—ay, *dear* man, I'll make him give you the first blow; after that, if you don't give him one, it's your own fault."

"Get the money first, granny. I won't give him the blow till it is safe."

"Won't you?" replied the beldame; "ny, *dear* Creesha, will you, when you know what I have to tell you about him an'—an'?"

"And who, granny?"

"D'yououl, man, but I'm afeard to tell you, for afraid you'll kill me."

"Tut, Nelly—I'd not strike an Obeah-woman," said he, laughing.

"I suspect foul play between him an'—her."

"Eh? Fury of hell, no?"

"He's very handsome," said the other, "an' young—far younger than you are, by thirteen—"

"Go on—go on," said the Boxer, interrupting her, and clutching his fist, while his eyes literally glowed like live coals, "go on—I'll murder him; but not till—yes, I'll murder him at a blow. I will; but no—not till you secure the money first. If I give him the blow—the boxer—I might never get it, granny. A dead man gives back nothing."

"I suspect," replied Nell, "that the arrghid—that is the money—is in other hands. Lord preserve us! but it's a wicked world, blackey!"

"Where is it?" said the Boxer, with a vehemence of manner resembling that of a man who was ready to sink to perdition for his wealth.—Devil! and furies! where is it?"

[SEE FORTH PAGE.]

POLITICAL.

From the Richmond Enquirer.

An Ominous Conjunction!

Mr. John Tyler was one of the straitest sects of State Rights men. No man was a truer exponent of the Virginia principles of '98—'99, than he was in 1819, and for several years afterwards—thoroughly against a National Bank, Internal Improvements & Protective Tariff &c. &c. He even went further in his opposition than several of his colleagues. He deserted General Jackson on the Proclamation, because he contended that this celebrated Manifesto attacked State Rights. But for the same reason, Mr. Daniel Webster supported General Jackson. Mr. Tyler opposed the Proclamation, because of its Federal heresies. Mr. Webster supported it because of those same Federal bearings. And now what do we see? Mr. Webster is the Presidential adviser of Mr. Tyler; is urging upon him a National Bank, which Mr. Tyler had denounced for its Federal character, and its recommending the removal of the staunchest States Rights' officers from the public service.

VERO.—Gov. Porter of Pennsylvania, has vetoed the late bill respecting the Banks.

No inconsiderable part of this non-resident property is owned out of the state. The city of Boston owns an immense amount of property taxable in Maine, and will realize from \$2 to 5,000 annually, from Gov. Kent's mode of distributing the money which belongs to people of Maine!

In those towns and counties, where these Bostonian allies of Gov. Kent are interested as proprietors, the extent of their interest should be accurately ascertained, and the precise amount of revenue to be drawn by them, from our money, be stated and known by the people.

When this State received its part of the surplus money growing out of the land sales, in 1837, then the democratic Legislature distributed it among the towns, not as they stood at the bottom, but to be based upon the one uniform principle, of *making the rich richer, and the poor poorer*.

Particularly and most palpably is this true of their project to divide among the States, the proceeds of the public lands.

That arch federalist, Gov. Kent, recommended this project in his message. After

the incident of the debt of the State, and of the money at six per cent. amounting to \$2,100,000 per annum to pay, besides a sum above the gross receipts from the different works to pay for carrying them on. What a commentary upon the reckless manner in which many of the States have joined in the violent speculation. Here you have a large and powerful State fairly crippled in her monies, her credit destroyed, her people taxed as never were Yankees before, merely to gratify the mad desire of getting rich in a minute by speculation.

From the Eastern Argus.

A National Debt.

It is doubtless the purpose of the present Administration to involve the Nation in Debt. Federalists regard National Debt as a National Blessing. This was Hamilton's doctrine, to whom Federalists look with great reverence. The leader of the Administration is the protege of the rich Manufacturers and Capitalists of the North. To their interests he is bound by indissoluble ties. To them a National Debt would indeed be a blessing. Without such a Debt there would be no excuse for laying a high Protective Tariff; without such a Debt there would be no reason for the Government seeking credit for itself.

In the country in debt, and there comes with it weighty reasons, as Federalists will contend, not only for high duties which will enrich the wealthy manufacturers, but also for a National Bank, to add to the riches of the Capitalist; all at the expense of the day laborer and the producer.

But President Tyler's Cabinet well understand, that the great majority of the people of the United States are opposed to blessings that operate in favor of a few, to the injury and destruction of the many—and they know that it will not do for this administration openly to saddle the country with debt. To accomplish their purpose therefore, without bringing upon themselves popular opprobrium, they already resort to the grossest deceit. They declare through the Federal press, that the late administration of Martin Van Buren, has left the Government deeply in debt, and their next move will be, to impose heavy duties upon the people, wherewith to remove the load, with which they falsely assert, the late administration has burthened them.

To prove that the Government was not in debt at the close of the late Administration, that its finances were in a highly flourishing condition, that its obligations were all unimpaired, that there was no necessity for the calling an Extra Session, (the early expedient for burthening the Country with debt,) and that there was enough in the Treasury for the ordinary expenses of Government, we append the following extracts from the statement of Mr. Woodbury, the late Secretary of the Treasury, made to President Van Buren, on the 2d of March, two days before the accession to power of the present Administration. Bear in mind Democrats, that at the close of your administration, the Government was not only not in debt, but that it had in the Treasury enough for all ordinary expenses.

"It is gratifying to be able to add, that, after all the payments above described, the balance of available money in the Treasury is more than a million of dollars, including what stands subject to draft, and to the credit of the Treasurer in the mints, and with collectors and receivers. Deducting trust funds of every kind, which have seldom been so small in amount, and none of which should be invested remain uninvested, the balance will still exceed three-fourths of a million."

"Nothing, of course, is easier than the adoption of

"measures which must increase the expense of 1841, so as to exceed its authorized fiscal means, and thus not only to cause embarrassment, but impair the pecuniary credit of the General Government, and leave no alternative except greatly increased taxation of some kind, of a permanent national debt. But it is a matter of congratulation that these financial evils have hitherto been avoided, though severe commercial convulsions, protracted Indian hostilities, and an artificial reduction of the revenue from customs have at times presented a difficulty on our operations. Without doubt there can be no better avoided by a continued reduction in the public engagements, through perseverance in economical retrenchment, and the avoidance of causes for new or increased expense. Indeed, it must be a source of sincere satisfaction to the President, personally, as well as to the community at large to see his administration close without foreign war, domestic insurrection, or any other calamity, requiring heavy burdens of any kind to be imposed on the people by the General Government—without the creation of any permanent public debt whatever, or even of a temporary one, that might not be discharged within a year, if proving as prosperous as many have anticipated, without any increase of taxes; but, on the contrary, many old ones reduced—without any claims due and authorized by Congress and the accounting officers, which have not, as a general rule, been paid with specie or its equivalent, and with impunity; however much the Department has been incommoded by revulsions in commerce and bank suspensions, and, in fine, without a Treasury either empty or bankrupt, but its obligations in high credit, and the means in its control, probably, enough to discharge in the usual manner and extent throughout the year, every expenditure that has yet been sanctioned by Congress, or requested by yourself or this Department.

Respectfully, LEVI WOODBURY, Secretary of the Treasury.

Cook County, Illinois, of which Chicago is the chief town, seems to bear away the palm for the greatest number of marriages in proportion to its inhabitants. From August 23, 1830, to March 1841, there were 605 marriages, besides a large number who were married elsewhere; and the population of the whole County is short of ten thousand. The prospect of increase is certainly flattering.

MURDER WILL OUT.—A correspondent of the Pennsylvania states "upon good authority," that Daniel Webster is indebted to the United States Bank in the small sum of one hundred and ten thousand dollars! Twenty-eight thousand of which were over-drafts! Other important disclosures are made.—*Democrat*.

From the Bangor Democrat.

Party Names.

The Calais Advertiser wants no more name than that of Whig, the Bangor don't think much of party names, while to the rank of the Boston Courier some of the administration papers retain old name of Federalists. We always present Whigs by their original name, Loyalists, so that their identity may not be lost the multiplicity of their changes and dis-

names by which the Federalists have been.

In the first place they were Tories, supporters of the English Government; then Federalists, afterwards Washingtonians, Constitutional Friends of Order and regular Government, Moral and Religious People's party, Anti-slavery, Anti-Republicans, (they participated in these two latter names) Anti-Jacksonians, the Federal Burrits party, the Peace party, No Party party, the People's party, the Anti-slavery party, the Supremacy of the party, the National Republican party, the Farmers', and Mechanics' and Workmen's party, the S. Bank party, the Independent Republic party, the Native American party, the Radical Free Soil party, the Hartford Convention party, the Whig party, the Democratic Whig party, Hoco Poco party, and now the Adminis-

trator. Well may they inquire with one of Pearce's characters, if any one knows what commodity of new names may be bought; these names have been disdained, and the Federalists will soon be in pursuit of another, look to a name to give them a good report, and at one time were quite disposed to take of Democratic Republican, but it was declared a failure, the better part thought it dishonest, others were satisfied with that of Federalist, and others would hold on to the old Federal name.

It is a course much to be regretted by men of all parties, that men clothed with authority to make appointments to important offices should select such men as have rendered themselves obnoxious to the community by their dishonesty, without any regard to their qualifications, "is he honest, is he capable?" the establishing a dangerous precedent, making a discrimination between the virtuous and vicious. Who can wonder at the following from the *Lord's Standard Times*, in view of the appointment of *Locell Patriot*.

"I had some hopes of John Tyler, a stanch old Jeffersonian Democrat that he would be a good man. I did hope that he would, to some extent, support the principles of Democracy, and the welfare of the people, till I heard of his appointment as *Bela Bulger* to a high and responsible office. But now I have given up all hopes of him; he is associated with the pipe-layers and dealers, and has shown an utter disregard of morality, as well as the interest of the people. In appointing the leader of the gang who attempted to crush free suffrage, by gross corruption and corruption, it was brazen-faced and move in the Vice President, to place that cipled man in office."

The *Independent Treasury*, which formerly was, or felt competent to take of his own funds without depositing them in banks for safe keeping. An act to establish a Treasury Department was passed by Congress and approved by WASHINGTON, the 2d of September, 1798. Here are a couple of extracts from this act:

Section 4. And be it further enacted, that shall be the duty of the Treasurer to receive and keep the money of the United States to disburse the same, &c. He shall at a time to be appointed by the President, submit to the Secretary of the Treasury, the Comptroller, or either of them, the amount of the money in his hands.

Section 5. And be it further enacted, that the duties and fees to be collected by virtue of this act, shall be received in gold and coin ONLY.

After this a connection between the government and the first United States Bank, place, which JEFFERSON recommended, be discontinued, but it was left for VANDERBILT to bring about "a consummation so long desired." Dare the federalists settle the question.—*New Era*.

Trial of a Pipe layer. The Baltimore publican says,—"We learn that the trial of notorious Jeffers—the coadjutor of Belcher and Glentworth, in the pipe-laying business, has been postponed until June. 'Not the election' is the watchword of the federalists. We think it strange that Mr. Jeffers did not receive an appointment before now to the new administration. He is certainly as deserving of one as his friend, Mr. Belcher."

ANOTHER 'WHIG' LIE NAILED.—Some editor lately started a report that General Jackson had become bankrupt and poverty stricken. 'old Hickory' has yellow boys and 'dirty' men, who are left to outlast half a dozen

"monsters."—*Argus and Spectator*.

amounting to \$2,100,000
sides a sum above the gross
wants to pay for car-
at a commentary upon the
which many of the States
violent speculation. Here
powerful State fairly cri-
her credit destroyed, her peo-
Yankees before, merely
desire of getting rich in a
1.

Eastern Argus.

National Debt.

purpose of the present Ad-
the Nation in Debt. Federal
Hamilton's doctrine, to
with great reverence. The
stration is the protege of the
and Capitalists of the North.
be bound by indissoluble
National Debt would indeed be
such a Debt there would
a high Protective Tariff;
there would be no reason
seeking credit for itself. In
debt, and there comes with
Federalists will contend,
ies which will enrich the
, but also for a National
ches of the Capitalist; all
day laborer and the pro-
.

's Cabinet well understand,
y of the people of the Uni-
to blessings that operate
the injury and destruction
know that it will not do
openly to saddle the coun-
accomplish their purpose
ing upon themselves pop-
already resort to the gross-
clare through the Federal
ministration of Martin Van
government deeply in debt,
will be to impose heavy
, wherewith to remove the
falsely assert, the late ad-
.

overnment was not in debt
e Administration, that its
ly flourishing condition,
ere all unpaired, that
y for the calling an Extra
edient for burthening the
and that there was enough
ordinary expenses of Gov-
the following extracts from
Vaudbury, the late Secre-
made to President Van
arch, two days before the
the present Administration.
s, that at the close of your
overnment was not only not
in the Treasury enough
.

able to add, that, after all
the balance of available mon-
more than a million of dollars,
ject to draft, and to the credit
ants, and with collectors and
at funds of every kind, which
in amount, and none of which
remain uninvested, the balance
of a million.

earlier than the adoption of
the expense of 1841, to
fiscal means, and thus not
but impair the pecuniary
ment, and leave no alter-
taxation of some kind.

gratulation that these finan-
s been avoided, though severe
protracted Indian hostilities,
of the revenue from customs
on our operations. With-
er avoided by a continued
gements, though perse-
verance, and the careful shun-
increased expense. Indeed, it
satisfaction to the President,
community at large to see his
the present Administration.
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Section 4. And be it further enacted, That it
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of the money in his hands.

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this act, shall be received in gold and silver
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After this a connection between the govern-
ment and the first United States Bank took
place, which JEFFERSON recommended to
be discontinued, but it was left for VAN BU-
REN to bring about "a consummation so devoutly
to be wished." Dare the federalists renew
this unholy alliance? The extra session will
settle the question.—*New Era*.

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publican says,—"We learn that the trial of the
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the new administration. He is certainly quite
as deserving of one as his friend, Mr. Badger.

ANOTHER 'WHIG' LIE NAILED.—Some Fed-
eral editor lately started a report that Gen. Jack-
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Party Names.

The Calais Advertiser wants no more honor-
able name than that of Whig, the Bangor Whig
don't think much of party names, while ascend-
ing to the rank of the Boston Courier we find
some of the administration papers retaining the
old name of Federalists. We always call the
present Whigs by their original name, Federal-
ists, so that their identity may not be lost through
the multiplicity of their changes and disguises.—
It may perhaps be well to recall some of the
names by which the Federalists have been known.

In the first place they were *Tories*, supporters
of the English Government; then Federalists,
afterwards Washingtonians, Constitutionalists,
Friends of Order and regular Government, a
Moral and Religious People's party, Anti-Dem-
ocrats, Anti-Republicans, (they particularly glo-
ried in these two latter names) Anti-Jacobins,
the Federal Burrit party, the Peace party, the
No Party party, the People's party, the Church
and State party, the Supremacy of the Laws
party, the National Republican party, the Farmers',
and Mechanics' and Workmen's party, U.
S. Bank party, the Independent Republican
party, the Native American party, the Rank and
File party, the Hartford Convention party, the
Whig party, the Democratic Whig party, the
Hoco Poco party, and now the Administration
party.

Well may they inquire with one of Shakes-
peare's characters, if any one knows where a
commodity of new names may be bought. All
these names have been dishonored, and the Federalists
will soon be in pursuit of another. They
look to a name to give them a good reputation,
and at one time were quite disposed to take that
of Democratic Republican, but it was decidedly
a failure, the better part thought it dishonest to
steal, others were satisfied with that of Whig,
and others would hold on to the old Federal cognom.

It is a course much to be regretted by candid
men of all parties, that men clothed with authority
to make appointments to important offices,
should select such men as have rendered them-
selves obnoxious to the community by trickery
and dishonesty, without any regard to the ques-
tions, "is he honest, is he capable?" thereby es-
tablishing a dangerous precedent, making no dis-
crimination between the virtuous and vicious.—
Who can wonder at the following from the Hart-
ford Times, in view of the appointment referred
to?—*Lowell Patriot*.

"I had some hopes of John Tyler," said a
staunch old Jeffersonian Democrat the other day.
"I did hope that he would, to some extent, sup-
port the principles of Democracy, and seek the
welfare of the people, till I heard of his appointing
Bela Badger to a high and responsible office.—
But now I have given up all hopes of the man—
he is associated with the 'pipe layers' and 'yarn'
dealers, and has shown an utter disregard for
morality, as well as the interest of the people, by
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enough left to outlast half a dozen of rag-
monsters.—*Argus and Spectator*.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, MAY 18, 1841.

Democratic State Convention.

In compliance with the direction of the Con-
vention of the Democratic members of the Leg-
islature, held in August, on the 24th of March
last, a State Convention of Democratic Delegates
will be held at the State House, in Augusta,
on WEDNESDAY, THE TWENTY THIRD
DAY OF JUNE NEXT, AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK,
A. M., to nominate a candidate to be supported
for Governor, at the next ensuing election.

Each classed town and each plantation is re-
quested to send one Delegate to said Convention
and all other towns and the cities of Portland and
Bangor, two Delegates for every Representative
to which they are entitled in the Legislature, by
the late Apportionment.

All democratic editors in the State are request-
ed to publish this notice, until the time of holding
the Convention.

By order of the Committee of the
Democratic Members of the Legislature.

FEDERAL CONSISTENCY.

Any one at all conversant with the history of the
party now in power, will readily see that Federalism
in power is a very different thing from Federalism in
a minority. It would seem that the present adminis-
tration is about giving the lie to every profession and
principle which were so zealously advocated before
the election. Among the sins of the late adminis-
tration, extravagance was one of the most prominent.

Resolved, That we deem the doings of our
last Legislature in passing Resolves apportioning
Senators and Representatives through the State
a palpable violation of the Constitution, and not
binding on the people; it is therefore our duty
to proceed at the next election as though such
Resolves had never passed.

Resolved, That the last Legislature by deny-
ing to the people of this town the right to choose a
Representative to the next Legislature manifested
a total disregard to all Constitutional obliga-
tions—committed a flagrant outrage upon our
right, and by an assumption of power, unknown
to the people of this country since the desperate
Acts of the British Parliament *wrested from us* the
elective franchise, that sacred prerogative of
Freemen.

Resolved, That it is the Constitutional right
and the duty of the Inhabitants of the town of
Buckfield to be represented in the next Legisla-
ture, and the Selectmen of this town are hereby
directed to notify and warn the Inhabitants to
assemble at the Town House on the second Monday
of Sept. next, to give in their votes for a
Representative to the next Legislature.

Resolved, That the proceedings of this meet-
ing be signed by the Moderator and Clerk, and
published in the Oxford Democrat.

country that this degraded ruffian has at last been
driven from the Halls of Congress. It is said he ex-
pects an appointment in one of the Departments at
Washington. Very probable. But the appointment
would be an outrage upon the moral sense of the com-
munity.

Col. Butler, a sterling Democrat, is re-elected by
200 or 300 majority. His District gave Harrison a
large majority last fall. Col. Butler was one of Gen.
Jackson's Aids in the last war, and was with him at
the battle of N. Orleans.

TOWN MEETING IN BUCKFIELD.

At a legal meeting of the inhabitants of Buckfield
at the Town House, on Saturday, the 8th day of May,
1841, for the purpose of considering the Apportionment
Resolves of the last Legislature, the following Resolu-
tions were presented, and after a full discussion,
passed unanimously. The meeting was addressed by
Hon. V. D. Farris, Noah Prince, Esq., Col. Aaron Parsons,
and Wm. B. Bennett, Esq. of Buckfield, and by
Col. Andrews, of Turner, and Capt. J. Tobin of Hart-
ford.

Notice of Apportionment.

RESOLVED, That, as Citizens of Maine, we
regard all Laws enacted by our Legislature as
binding upon us, provided the same be consonant with
the letter or spirit of the Constitution; but when by the passage of any Act that sacred In-
strument is disregarded and violated, we deem
the same a NULLITY, and regard it only as the
voice of a party, though it may be dignified by the
title of a Legislative Act.

Resolved, That we deem the doings of our
last Legislature in passing Resolves apportioning
Senators and Representatives through the State
a palpable violation of the Constitution, and not
binding on the people; it is therefore our duty
to proceed at the next election as though such
Resolves had never passed.

Resolved, That the last Legislature by deny-
ing to the people of this town the right to choose a
Representative to the next Legislature manifested
a total disregard to all Constitutional obliga-
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ing be signed by the Moderator and Clerk, and
published in the Oxford Democrat.

H. H. HUTCHINSON, Moderator.

S. D. HUTCHINSON, Clerk.

FRIEND MILLETT.

—I congratulate you for again
reviving the "Oxford Democrat." For a "friend in
need is a friend indeed." That we need at this time in
a paper in "Old Oxford" that will advocate the doc-
trines of primitive and simple Republicanism, will, by
no friend of just laws, be called in question. Were
we to look to our own State alone, irrespective of the
Federal Government, we shall discover that there
ought to be much said and much done to prevent such
a catastrophe as that which sprung Federalism upon
the people last fall. And why? Has this last Nestorian
Legislature done things which they ought not to have done? Has it done things which other Leg-
islatures, before it, would not do? Yes; the majority
in the last Legislature done that which no former
Legislature ever attempted to do. It violated the
known and well understood language of the Constitu-
tion. For proof of this, we intend to refer you here-
after to some details concerning the Apportionment
Resolves, and some of the circumstances which occurred in the Albion contested election.

But, the Legislature, or its acts, are not all which
deserve the condemnation of the people of this State.
The Executive power has been, in our humble opinion,
abused and strangely led away. Look at the office
holders, and what were they? With some few hon-
orable exceptions, so far as we can learn, the offices
within the Executive gift have been filled with Log
Cabin brawlers and Loafers of the last class. Some
who can neither see, hear, nor understand *strait*, who
have never seen any thing in the way of business
except the inside of a Log Cabin Register Book, and
who, to a want of tact in business, add an entire want
of moral principle, (especially in times of election.)—
Such have been put up to the public crib.

We complain not that public officers are turned out,
or that their places are supplied. But we complain
of their places are supplied. But we complain
when such men should be favored by the Executive
when they have no favor or sympathy from the people
who are obliged to go to these officers to get their busi-
ness done.

I suppose, friend M., that people will think you have
been living on the banks of Salt River for some time. But, let folks think what they may, I think you have
much to reflect upon that is agreeable as well as honorable. A man that takes an active, bold and open
stand in an enterprise of hazard, always suffers more
in case of defeat than an obscure individual, whose op-
inions & influence were never felt. You were in the
situation of the former. The cause you advocated was
defeated. The principles of Federalism were per-
mitted to curse the land four years, and you were rowed
as far up Salt River, as fancy, in her most wandering
flights, could reach. But how consoling the thought
that you have triumphed over defeat, after having sus-
tained volley after volley, and shock after shock from
Federal falsehood and abuse, you have again "righted
Ship" and got under sail with Democracy and Liberty
to heaven.

KENTUCKY ELECTION.

The Congressional election which took place in this State the first of the month, resulted in the choice of eleven Federalists and two Democrats. It stands the same as in the last Congress, politically. Mr. Spriggs, whom we have set down with the Federalists, was elected by the united vote of the Democratic party. He will probably vote with the Democrats upon many important questions. Mr. Spriggs comes from the District repre-
sented in the last Congress by Wm. J. Graves, the murderer of Cleary. We rejoice for the honor of our

country that this degraded ruffian has at last been
driven from the Halls of Congress. It is said he ex-
pects an appointment in one of the Departments at
Washington. Very probable. But the appointment
would be an outrage upon the moral sense of the com-
munity.

Col. Butler, a sterling Democrat, is re-elected by
200 or 300 majority. His District gave Harrison a
large majority last fall. Col. Butler was one of Gen.
Jackson's Aids in the last war, and was with him at
the battle of N. Orleans.

By your politeness, Mr. Editor, I have receiv-
ed a neat Catalogue of the Buckfield High School
and Lyceum, for the Spring Term. This Institu-
tion was first opened in March. Zadoc Long,
Samuel F. Brown, Wm. W. Comstock, William
Cole and James Jewett, are Directors. They
state that "they have desired to secure not only
a good arrangement for the education of their
own children, but an Institution worthy of the
patronage of enlightened men abroad." The objects
of the School are briefly stated to be

1. To qualify teachers for our common schools
2. To awaken and encourage a due regard for
productive industry.

3. To extend a knowledge of our own State—
its resources—interests and prospects, and
4. To prepare those who seek instruction here
for the common duties of life.

The School contains 80 scholars,—63 Gentle-
men and 23 Ladies. The Rev. Cyril Pearl is
Principal.

This School is very well, right and more too,
it is just what they want in Buckfield. But we
want one similar in Paris, say on Paris Hill.—
We would not wish that it might rise in a mo-
ment into such magnitude as that of Buckfield,
and start up before us as it were by enchantment.
But we would wish that it might contain all its
elements of perpetuity and usefulness. All we
want to secure an Institution similar to that of
our neighbor, is a disposition. We have a capa-
cious Hall—a pleasant Village—picturesque
scenery—good people, and what is most neces-
sary, noble scholars. Say then, neighbors and
friends, shall we have such a School?

The Bio Star.

—We boasted for a time in
the Bio Star.—We boasted for a time in the
Pennsylvania the largest vessel of war in the
world, and although a Turkish ship is talked of
being larger. The Pennsylvania probably would
bear away the palm for magnitude. Her armament
is commensurate in power with her size, and
probably nothing that floats could stand a
fair exposure to her broadside for a moment.—

On the lower gun deck there are 28 long 22
pounders, and

[CONTINUED FROM THE SECOND PAGE.]

"Where is it?" said the impudent Nell; "why *an'na yeah*, man, sure you don't suspect that your landlord's his real sweetheart, knows something about it; but thin, you see, I can prove nothing; I only suspect. We must watch an' wait. You knew she wouldn't prosecute him."

"We will watch an' w' it—but I'll finish him. Tell me Nell—sury of hell, woman—can it be possible—no—well, I'll murder him, though—but can it be possible that she's guilty? eh?—She wouldn't prosecute him! No, no, she would not!"

"She is not worthy of you, blackey. Lord save us! Well, truth, I remember when you was in Lord S—'s; you were a fine young man of your color. I did something for the young Lord in my way then, an' I used to say, when I called to see her, that you war a beauty, barrin' the face. Sure enough, there was no lie in that. Well that was before you took to the fightin'; but I'm ravin'. Whisper, man. If you doubt what I'm sayin', watch the north corner of the orchard about nine to-night, an' you'll see a meetin' between her an' O'Rorke. God be wid you I must go."

"Stop!" said the Boxer; "don't go; but do get a garnet for the money."

"Good by," said Nell; "you a heart wid your money! No, damnable sherry on the charm; it was but a small suspicion though—no more. No, no; *at heart* I never doubted you."

"Ellen," said John, "bear me. You never will become my wife till my disgrace is wiped away. I love you too well ever to see you blush for your husband. My mind's made up—so say no more. Ay, an' I tell you that to live in this state live no wife would break my heart."

"Poor John!" she exclaimed, as they separated, and the words followed by a gush of tears, "I know that there is not one of them, in either of the factions, so noble in heart and thought as you are."

"I'll prove that soon, Ellen; but never till my name is fair and clear, an' without spot, on the other hand, the Dead Boxer began to feel the influence of Ellen's beauty; and perhaps nothing would have given him greater satisfaction than the removal of a woman whom he no longer loved, except for those virtues which enabled him to accumulate money. And now, too had he an equal interest in the removal of his double rival, whom besides, he considered the spoiler of his hoarded property. The loss of his money certainly stung him to the soul, and caused his unfortunate wife to suffer a tenfold degree of persecution and misery.

When to this we add his *si'c'le* passion for Ellen Neil, we may easily conceive what she must have endured. Nell, at all events, felt satisfied that she had shaped the strong passions of her savage dupe in the way best calculated to gratify that undying spirit of vengeance which she had so long nurtured against the family of Lamb Laudier. The Dead Boxer, too, was determined to prosecute his armour with Ellen Neil, not more to gratify his lawless affection for her than his twofold hatred of Lamb Laudier.

At length nine o'clock arrived, and the scene must change to the northern part of Sheeonus Neil's orchard. The Dead Boxer threw a cloak around him, and issuing through the back door of the inn, entered the garden, which was separated from the orchard only by a low clipped hedge of young white birch in the middle of which stood a small gate. In a moment he was in the orchard, and from behind its low wall he perceived a female proceeding to the northern side, in flight like himself in which he immediately recognized to be that of his wife. His teeth became locked together with the most deadly resentment; his features twitched with the convulsive spasms of rage, and his nostrils were distended as if his victim stood already within his grasp. He instantly threw himself over the wall, and nothing but the crushing weight of his tread could have saved the lives of the two unsuspecting persons before him. Started, however, by the noise of his footsteps, Lamb Laudier turned round to observe who it was that followed them, and immediately the massive and colossal black, now stripped off his cloak—for he had thrown it aside—stood in their presence. The female instinctively drew the cloak round her face, and Lamb Laudier was about to ask why he followed them, when the Boxer approached him in an attitude of assault.

With a calmness almost unparalleled under such circumstances, Lamb Laudier desired the female by no means to cling to him.

"If you do," said he, "I am murdered where I stand."

"No," she shrieked, "you shall not. Stand back, man; stand back. If you murder him I will take care you shall suffer for it. Stand back. Lamb Laudier never injured you."

"Ha!" exclaimed the Boxer, in reply, "why, what is this? Who have we here?"

"Ellen, for it was she, had already thrown back the cloak from her features, and stepped forward between them.

"Well, I am glad it is you," said the black, "and so may he be. Come, I shall conduct you home."

He caught her arm as he spoke, and drew her over to his side like an infant.

"Come, my pretty girl, come. I will treat you tenderly, and all I shall ask is a kiss in return. Here, young fellow," said he to Lamb Laudier, with a sense of bitter triumph, "I will show you that one black kiss is worth two white ones."

Heavy, hard, and energetic was the blow which the Dead Boxer received upon the temple, as the reply of Lamb Laudier, and dead was the crash of his tremendous body on the

earth. Ellen looked around her with amazement.

"Come," said she, seizing her lover's arm, and dragging him onward; "gracious heaven! I hope you haven't killed him. Come, John, Neil offered to compensate him for the obloquy she had brought upon his name, he formed the dreadful resolution of sending him a challenge. In very few words he stated his intention to the sovereign, who looked upon him

as an innocent wife to your aunt Alley's, where you now live. I didn't expect to see you myself; but I got an opportunity, and besides she was too now to bring my message, which was to let you know what I now tell you."

John, ere he replied, looked behind him at the Dead Boxer, and appeared as if struck with some sudden thought.

"He is movin'," said he, "an' on th' night I don't wish to meet him agin'; but yes, Ellen—yes—God bless you for the words you've said; but how could you for one minute doubt me about the robbery?"

"I did not, John—I did not; and if I did, think of your words at our meetin' in the Quarry; it was but a small suspicion though—no more. No, no; *at heart* I never doubted you."

"Ellen," said John, "bear me. You never will become my wife till my disgrace is wiped away. I love you too well ever to see you blush for your husband. My mind's made up—so say no more. Ay, an' I tell you that to live in this state live no wife would break my heart."

"Poor John!" she exclaimed, as they separated, and the words followed by a gush of tears, "I know that there is not one of them, in either of the factions, so noble in heart and thought as you are."

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proscribed young man waited upon the Sovereign of the town, and requested to see him. Immediately after his encounter with the black the preceding night, and while Ellen had brought upon his name, he formed the dreadful resolution of sending him a challenge. In very few words he stated his intention to the sovereign, who looked upon him as an' our roof childless all out? We lost one as it is—the daughter of our heart is gone, an' we don't know how—an' now is your father an' me to lie down an' die in desolation without a child to shed a tear over us, or to put up one prayer for our happiness?"

The young man's eyes filled with tears, but his cheek reddened, and he dashed them hastily aside.

"No, my boy, my glorious boy, won't refuse to save my mother's heart from breakin'; ay, and his gray hair'd father's too; he won't kill us both; my boy won't; nor send us to the grave before our time!"

"Mother," said he, "if I could—I—Oh! no, no. Now, it's too late—if I didn't fight him, I'd be a perjured man. You know," he added, smiling, "ther's something in a Lamb Laudier's blow, as well as the Dead Boxer's. Isn't it said, that a Lamb Lauher needn't strike two blows, when he sends his strength with one?"

He stretched out his powerful arm, as he spoke, with a degree of pride not unbecoming his youth, spirit, and amazing strength and activity.

"Do not," he added, "either vex me, or sink my spirits. I'm sworn, an' I'll fight him—That's my mind, and it will not change."

The whole party felt, by the energy and decision with which he pronounced the last words, that he was invincible. His resolution filled them with melancholy, and an absolute sense of death. They left him, therefore in silence, with the exception of his parents, whose grief was bitter and excessive.

When the Dead Boxer heard that he had been challenged, he felt more chagrin than satisfaction, for his avarice was disappointed; but when he understood from those members of the corporation who waited on him, that Lamb Laudier was the challenger, the livid fire of mingled rage and triumph which blazed in his bloodshot eyes absolutely frightened the worthy burghers.

"I'm glad of that," said he, "here, Joe, desire you to go and get a coffin made, six feet long and properly wide—we will give him room enough; tchew! tchew! tchew! tchew! tchew! tchew! tchew! tchew! I'm glad, gentlemen. Here tchew! tchew! tchew! I'm glad, I'm glad."

In this manner did he indulged in the wild and uncouth glee of a savage as lecherous as he was powerful.

"We have a square proverb here, Master Black," said one of the worthy burghers, "that by my soul, may you never hear it!"

"Tchew! tchew! tchew! What is that?" said the boxer, showing his white teeth and blubbed lips in a furious grim, whilst the eyes which fastened on the poor burgher blazed up once more, as if he was about to annihilate him. What is it?"

"Faith," said the burgher, making toward the door, "I'll tell you that when I'm on the safe side o' the room—devil a baporth, barri'd to neither you nor any man ought to reck your chickens before they are hatched. Make money of that;" and after having discharged this pleasantries at the black, the worthy burgher made a hasty exit down stairs, followed at a more dignified pace by his companions.

The Dead Boxer, in preparing for battle, observed a series of forms peculiar to himself which were certainly of an appalling character. As a proof that the challenge was accepted, he ordered a black flag, which he carried about with him, to wave from window of the Inn, in circumstance which thrilled all who saw it with an awful certainty of Lamb Laudier's death. He then gave orders for the drums to be beaten, and a dead march to be played before him, whilst he walked up the town and back, conversing occasionally with some of those who immediately surrounded him. When he arrived nearly opposite the market-house, some persons pointed out to him a small but that stood in a situation isolated from the other houses of the street.

"I here," added his informant, "is the house where Lamb Laudier Oge's and lives, and where he himself has lived since he left his father's?"

"Ah!" said the black, pausing, "is he with-in, do you think?"

One of the crowd immediately inquired, and replied to him in the affirmative.

"Well any of you," commanded the boxer, "bring me over a half-hundred weight from the market crane?" I will show this is how what a poor chance he has. If he is so strong in the arm, and active as is reported, I desire he will untie me. Let the music stop a moment."

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

FRENCH BULLS.—A Gascian nobleman had been reproaching his son with ingratitude. "I owe you nothing," said the undutiful young man, "so far from having served me, you have always stood in my way; for if you had never been born, I should at this moment be the next heir of my rich grandfather."

Capt. Baudin, the Commander of a French expedition of discovery, on opening a box of magnetic needles, found them to be much rusted, which sensibly impaired their utility.

"What else can you expect?" exclaimed the irritated captain; "all the articles provided by Government are shabby beyond description. Had they acted as I could have wished, they would have given us silver instead of steel needles."

A CATCH.—A musical gentleman while performing was arrested by two bulliffs, who requested him to join them in a *trio*. "I am afraid," said he, "you mean to make it a *catch*."

BLUSHING.—A suffusion—least seen in those who have the most occasion for it.

THE RESURRECTION,

OR

PERSIAN PILLS.

THESE Pills arise from the greatest weakness, distress, and suffering, to a state of strength, health, and happiness. The name of these pills originated from the circumstance of the medicina being found only in the countries of Persia. This vegetable production being of a peculiar kind, led to experiments as to its medical qualities and virtues. In half a century it became an established medicine for the cures of that country. The extract of this singular production was introduced into some parts of Europe in the year 1783, and had been celebrated physicians in curing certain diseases, where all other medicines had been used in vain. Early in the year 1792, the extract was combined with a certain vegetable medicine imported from Dura Baga, in the East Indies, and formed into pills. The admirable effect of this compound upon the human system, led physicians and faculties into its general use. Their long established character, their universal and healing virtues, the detergent and cleansing qualities of their specified action upon the glandular part of the system, are such as will sustain their reputation and general use in the American Republics.

TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. E. Chase & Co.—We bring much said about the extraordinary effects of the Resurrection, or Persian Pills, upon those about to become mothers, we were induced to make a trial of them. My wife was at that time the mother of five children, and had suffered the most tedious and exasperating pain during and after her confinement of each. She had tried every means, and taken much medicine, but found little or no relief. She commenced taking the Persian Pills about three months before her confinement, (her health being very poor about that length of time previous) and soon after was enabled, by their use, to attend to the care of a number to her family, and her confinement. At the time she commenced taking the Persian Pills, and for several weeks previous, she was afflicted with a dry, hard cough, and frequent, severe coughs, which the use of the pills did not all those about to become mothers.

The whole party felt, by the energy and decision with which he pronounced the last words, that he was invincible. His resolution filled them with melancholy, and an absolute sense of death. They left him, therefore in silence, with the exception of his parents, whose grief was bitter and excessive.

"Mother," said he, "if I could—I—Oh! no, no. Now, it's too late—if I didn't fight him, I'd be a perjured man. You know," he added, smiling, "ther's something in a Lamb Laudier's blow, as well as the Dead Boxer's. Isn't it said, that a Lamb Lauher needn't strike two blows, when he sends his strength with one?"

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